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THE communication of "Prowler" in the present issue will doubtless prove of interest to that body of young men who have undertaken to show our students what Christianity is. Our correspondent appears to think that they have succeeded better in showing what it is *not*. Certainly, if the theology which they possess has only the effects which "Prowler" mentions, it would be advisable to imbibe a little more theology as rapidly as possible.

The position of the Y. M. C. A. to those who are not members should be one of gentleness and humility. It is quite possible that outsiders are a trifle hypersensitive, but, if so, there is all the more necessity that those who are within the charmed circle should give them no occasion for stumbling. The "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou!" has done no good in the past, and we have very grave doubts of its ever doing any good in the future.

It is a well-known fact that our church students are as a general thing financially poor. The majority of them, at any rate, are neither bondholders in any of the great railways, nor possessors of a corner in wheat. They are not members of any trans-continental or trans-oceanic telegraph line, subsidized by two or three governments, which declares a 25 per cent. dividend every two months. They are not even possessed at the present time of a settled charge and drawing a stated income. And yet there are ministers in the Church and their name is, we regret to say, many, who treat our students as if they were billionaires with no greater problem to solve than how to spend their time and money. They ask our men to preach for them, and, when the work is over, pay them with a "Thank you!" Now, this sort of thing, we hold, is unfair. It may be often the result of heedlessness on the part of the minister; but, if so, it is the student who pays for this carelessness. It is wrong in theory: it is a direct infringement of the laws of Church etiquette; and we hope that the time is near when positive action will be taken in the Assembly in the matter, so that if students thereafter are treated in this way, the minister in question will be able to plead in excuse neither precedent nor ignorance.

Most of our Church students will agree with the Church authorities, we believe, in thinking that Presbyterian examinations are a good thing. The recital of all that could be said in their favor would take long to tell. But it seems as if that portion of the work which deals with the Hebrew Bible, the Septuagint and the Greek Testament might be with all safety handed over by the Presbytery to the University authorities. We can understand the desire of the Presbytery to examine candidates for the ministry in Biblical exposition, statement of doctrine, Church government, Church history, and kindred subjects; but we fail to see the grounds on which it undertakes to supplement the work of University professors in the ancient languages.

As we go to press we learn that the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, has just submitted to his colleagues the name of the present Munro Professor of English Language and Literature in Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, for the chair of English Literature in Toronto University. The appointment was confirmed, and Prof. William John Alexander will, next October, assume office. The appointment cannot fail to be a pleasing one to the

country at large. With reason or without it the people of Canada have been complaining for the past few years that there is no use in Canadians, however well qualified, applying for professorships in Canadian universities. They are put aside for foreigners. The complaint is made, further, that the foreigners who are set over our students have no sympathy with us or with our customs. They are unable to look at life from the Canadian standpoint, and for this reason no place is found for the sympathy which should exist between professor and students.

It is further pointed out that Canadian youth should be developed along the lines of Canadian life and thought; whereas the importation of foreign professors has quite the contrary effect.

No such objections can be made, however, to Prof. Alexander. He is a Canadian by birth, and largely by education. He is at present Professor in a Canadian university, so that he has had experience in teaching Canadian young men. He is able to see things from their standpoint; and he will be listened to with all the more affection and attention because of those facts. Prof. Alexander is still a young man, being only 34 years of age. He is a B.A. of London University and a Ph.D. of John Hopkins; so that he has had the twofold advantage of an English and an American education. To Prof. Alexander personally as well as to the University of Toronto we extend our warmest congratulations.

There was quite a flutter in Ottawa society a few days since over the blackballing of the newly-elected Mayor of the city in one of the fashionable clubs. This club has among its members a large number of civil service men. These exquisites, who are continually aping the social and other customs of the Old Land, were indignant that a common, vulgar Mayor, should aspire to the honor of membership with them. They had to draw the line somewhere, you know, and they drew it at a Mayor. He had the indecency to be engaged "in trade." His honor, who is not in the habit, apparently, of turning his left cheek to those who have smitten him on the right, is evening things up in a unique and charming fashion. Being a large furniture dealer, "he has many of these club men on his books. He has just served summonses on each of them, and says he will see if these exclusives can pay club-fees and serve club-dinners and leave their debts unpaid. One civil servant is indignant, and is going around exhibiting his Division Court summons as an example of the lowliness of these tradespeople."

Certainly it is very reprehensible on the part of the Mayor; but, if we had any shakels to throw away in the line of a mild bet, we would like to pile them up serenely on His Honor. Seriously, the C. S. men deserve all that the Mayor can give them and more. The good they do

the community or the nation at large is infinitely less than that of those low people—the tradesmen. They do less work for more pay than any other class of day-laborers which the Government employs; and yet they are forever sneering at the country and its customs. Putting everything else out of consideration, however, their blackballing the Mayor of the city was in execrable taste; and we think that the present experience will be apt to prevent a repetition of their plesantry in the case of "Tradesmen" in the future.

We congratulate the University on its acquisition of Mr. Gunn, the new tutor in moderns. The trustees could not have made a better choice. The gentleman in question has spent a large portion of his life in France and Germany, and can speak and write French and German with as much grace and fluency as English. Further than this, he has had practical experience as a teacher of these languages both in the Kingston Collegiate Institute and elsewhere, and his teaching has been from beginning to end an unqualified success. We only hope that the University can see its way clear to giving Mr. Gunn such a salary as will keep him with us for good.

We hear from time to time complaints from the A.M.S. of lack of funds for this and that object. We are wasting money every year to an extent that is nothing short of reckless with any society which is not rolling in government bonds and bank notes. The JOURNAL would suggest that the curators of the Reading room take care of the papers of various kinds which come in, and at the end of each term hold an auction, selling them off to the highest bidder. By this means we think that quite an addition would be made to the finances of the society.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers in this issue a paper by Miss Anderson on *The Stage and Society* from the current number of *The North American Review*. Altogether apart from its bearing upon the points in question, it is pregnant with lessons to those who are preparing to enter upon any great profession. It will apply with equal force to all. There is no such thing as true and abiding success for any man or any woman in any branch of human endeavor which is not built upon protracted faithful effort in that particular line. And if those who are aspiring to greatness in dramatic art take into account everything which can be utilized in the practice of that art, how necessary is it that our students who are preparing for the great professions should see to it that they neglect nothing which can extend their sphere of usefulness or elevate the character of that profession when they have entered upon it. And among those other subjects which cannot fail to be of abiding service to legal and Church students is this very dramatic art which Miss Anderson's own genius adorns.

♦ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ♦

NO human institution is perfect nor incapable of being perverted in use; accordingly, we need not expect absolute perfection in either the structure or the operation of our educational institutions. What we should expect, and are entitled to demand, is that imperfections should be reduced to a minimum, or, to be more explicit, that the regulative and educative forces should conflict as little as possible. When examinations are conducted in the proper spirit and in a rational manner, they are indispensable aids to education, as well as more or less effective regulators. When, however, the passing of examinations becomes an end in itself, instead of the means to a higher end, examinations are perverted in use. Nor do we see any sense in recommending the discontinuance of competitive examinations while advising the continuance of examinations in general. All examinations are necessarily competitive, since it is characteristic of human beings to seek an end, and hence to compete even against the possibility of failure. For this very reason, however, the introduction of artificial stimuli, such as prizes, scholarships and medals are often injurious in their effects, because they operate most forcibly upon those who naturally least require their stimulus. So long as the educational process is to be carried on in a systematic manner, and so long as fitness for the position of a public educator is to be determined by others than the candidates, so long must competitive examinations have a place in our educational system.

To discard examinations entirely because of one evil consequence, and that, as shown above, incident to human nature, is, we think, like casting out one evil spirit and taking in seven others more wicked than it. It is because the formal examination is the last step in the educational process, and because on that very account defects are there and afterwards made manifest, that we are apt to find examinations in themselves with the faults and credit examinations in themselves with the faults and failings of the whole system. The faults mainly lie in the mode of conducting and in the men who conduct examinations if they do not perform their true function. What are the true functions of examinations? We believe they may be classed under two main heads:—

1. Educative; 2. Regulative. An educative examination is a systematic inquiry into the individual's knowledge, either to discover its defects that they may be corrected and supplemented, or, in order to develop his mental power in the systematic rise of the facts of his knowledge. An official or regulative examination, on the other hand, seeks to discover the attainment or non-attainment of the candidate to a certain standard of knowledge with a view to his acceptance or rejection.

Much of the success of an examination depends upon the method adopted, especially when the aim is to discover the candidate's knowledge. The two methods are,

speaking generally, the oral and the written. Each has its peculiar merits and defects, and either, apart from the other, is very imperfect, both as a means of education and as a means of inquiry. Combined in due proportion, however, they are naturally complementary each to the other. The one great advantage that the written possesses over the oral is that, by means of it, the examination is made uniform for all candidates in any one class. Another advantage which it possesses is that, by it, the examiner is better able to estimate the general character of the mental culture possessed by the candidate. The general style of direction, the energy and clearness of thought displayed in answering a set of questions should, we think, count, in the general estimate, with accuracy in detail. Especially will this advantage be manifest if the nature of the questions asked be such as to throw the candidate upon his own resources for answers, to call forth his reasoning power, along with his memory power, rather than a mere rehearsal of book lore. It is of much more consequence to know what use an individual can make of the facts of his knowledge than to know how many of those facts he can reproduce on paper at the shortest notice. But more of this anon.

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Although this is an age of civilization and enlightenment, yet the ideas entertained in regard to culture are astonishing. Some people imagine that culture lies in intellectual acquirements. Others, of an artistic order, regard themselves cultured if they are able to play the piano well, paint or devour novels. While others still, of a puritanical or ascetic turn, deem it to lie in the keeping to the letter of the law, to the negation of anything of a sensuous or aesthetic nature.

Now it is our object to show that true culture consists, not in any one of these views, but in the truth implied in all three. These three sides, viz., the intellectual, aesthetic and moral, represent or constitute the whole nature of man. Now, a man who has three capacities, which are capable of infinite realization, since they are universal, and has only one developed, is clearly one-sided. Hence then, only when his three capacities or his three sides are developed to infinity can he be called a truly cultured man.

For universal development, however, he would require an infinite time in which to realize himself, and favorable circumstances, but man has neither. What then? Does he despair? No. He freely grasps by faith, which is a kind of knowledge, the universal implied in him, and rests with submissive will in the infinite spirit which is extended to him through Christ. He is then virtually universal and is able to do all things. Thus only is religion possible and Christianity any more than a name.

Now, be his development on the intellectual side, it has true value only when it is in line with eternal truth. Or be it on the aesthetic side, it has true value only when

it tends to the realization of ideal or infinite beauty. Or, again, be his development on the moral side, it has true value only when it tends to the realization of supreme goodness.

The true, the beautiful and the good—three aspects of the single unity—are not something apart from the intellectual, the aesthetic and the moral, but are merely the latter universalized. There is no separation between the human and the divine, between the particular and the universal. These are only two distinguishable aspects of the same unity.

Hence, then, we conclude that whatever man does he should do it in the spirit to the "glory of God." Thus and thus only is true culture possible of attainment.

## ✻ LITERATURE ✻

### FORGIVE THEE ?

FORGIVE thee ? Though the years be long  
 Since last I touched thy brow,  
 Men shall not say I wrought thee wrong  
 Or broke my early vow  
 Won from me by one simple song,—  
 I must forgive thee now.

I do forgive thee, and I bless  
 Thee as a dear regret,—  
 A golden, olden happiness  
 That should be with me yet.  
 Forgive thee ? I forgive thee, yes :  
 Ask not that I forget !

From "Lyrics" by  
 GEORGE F. CAMERON.

### ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 21.)

IT was a lovely summer's morning, not a breath stirring, and the glassy surface of the river bore in its bosom the reflections of the fleecy clouds above. Scarcely a sound could be heard save the regular beat of the paddle-wheels on the tug and the occasional swish of a black bass or giant sturgeon as he gambolled in the distance. The men were in their quarters getting things ship-shape, and our cook, who rejoiced in the musical name of Moise Lunonette, was leaning against the door of the caboose with his arms folded, as motionless as a statue. There was evidently no fun to be had on the raft, so we launched our boat and pulled lazily in towards the shady banks, where we hoped to replenish our larder with a plentiful supply of fish, but the latter kept studiously away from the alluring spoon, and we reluctantly hauled it in with the firm conviction that fishing in the St. Lawrence had all gone to pot. At any rate it was much too hot to be chasing about after fish who so persistently refused to meet us even half-way, so we landed

near a pretty little cottage on an island, and finding the owner thereof not at home, sat down on the cool verandah and waited until the steamer caught up to us. On boarding the raft we found everyone busy. The foreman, whose acquaintance we diligently cultivated, was a fine old man who seemed to have immense control over his motley crew. He had in his younger days been at the head of the Caughnawaga Indians, who piloted the rafts down the rapids. These fellows, for the sake of the salvage money, were in the habit of wrecking, year after year, the rafts entrusted to their charge. The lumbering firms were in despair, being totally at their mercy, as no French-Canadian was considered competent for the difficult task. It was a dilemma. Finally one firm hit upon the expedient of taking Aimé Guerin, the leader of the band, into its employ, paying him a good salary. This it did, and from that moment the diabolical system of piracy was heard of no more. Aimé spoke English very slightly, and what he *did* say was always so ill-treated in the process of saying that we preferred his French as almost easier to understand. He was besides very excitable, and afforded us unqualified amusement at the methods he employed to emphasize an important order. It mattered not what might be the style of head-gear, if his commands were not obeyed with the alacrity he deemed suitable, off it was torn and trampled and jumped upon until the wrath of its owner was appeased. This, with the accompaniment of a torrent of invective and a pair of arms flung wildly about like Indian clubs in the hands of an insane prize fighter, presented a *tout ensemble* that can be elsewhere seen only on the mortgaged platform of a Salvation Army barracks. The men were of all sorts and conditions, and looked as if they had come into this cold world with their clothes on. The various styles of shirts, breeches and boots would make the figures on a fashion plate turn green with envy. There was one Indian that attracted our notice particularly, an enormous man, who, among other less interesting features, was the happy possessor of what was probably the biggest under-lip on the American continent. It hung down in front like a Masonic apron, and with a chamelois leather lining would have served an excellent purpose as an improved chest protector. He was a solitary old customer, and would invariably retreat to the extreme end of the raft to consume his salt pork and hard tack. "Jim Tice" was his name, and he deserved a better one. There were fifteen or twenty men all told—to be reinforced as we went along. They were hard at work getting out the sails and setting the masts in position, for the wind was fast rising and from a favourable quarter. There were nine sails in all—one for each dram. A dram is really a small raft, varying in size, and a number of these are fastened together two abreast. As may be supposed, the length of the tow is considerable, the distance from the stern of the steamer to the stern of the raft being fully a quarter of a mile. The rope is shortened as the river narrows. This raft breaks up into its

component parts on approaching a rapid, and each drom runs the rapid on its own account, with a few men as a crew. It has been calculated that the propelling force of the nine sails on a raft like ours was equal to the whole pulling force of the tug, so that after the sails were all in position and drawing well, we began to make good time. It was now decidedly interesting, and we watched the huge squares of canvas swaying about and straining at the guy ropes, with supreme satisfaction. Presently, however, as the breeze still freshened, Aimé the old foreman, ordered in some of the sails and set men at work making everything secure, for there was quite a sea on and the waves were making the timbers dance up and down to windward at a great rate; then, to our sorrow, down came the remaining sails, not a moment too soon—it was blowing so strongly from the south-west, and the practiced eye of the old man had detected that we were being driven rather sideways than ahead and were in danger of running ashore. It requires skillful guidance to pull that huge, helpless mass of timber safely through the narrow windings of the channel. The headway that a raft acquires under certain conditions is so great that the steamer may frequently be seen to pursue a course almost at right angles to that of the raft in order to pull the latter's head round. But after we had weathered a rocky point there was more shelter, and then, curiously enough, the wind seemed to die completely down. Out came the sun again, and off we went in the skiff to inspect a camp, whose owners seemed to be all sitting on the rocks with opera glasses taking us in. We sailed close in shore and criticised the squatters, the majority of whom proved to be "antiques." We had no use for them, so we headed for Alexandria Bay. It was about the busiest time of the year at this fashionable summer resort—the mammoth hotels were full, the landing-stages crowded with jolly little steam yachts, and the whole place spotted over with sleek-looking negroes laughing and chattering away, happy in the possession of a bright uniform and unlimited watermelon. We invested a small fortune in soda water, ice cream and oranges, and pulled out to the raft, which was nearly opposite. Here we found Moses, the cook, in a great state; he was afraid "ze shentlemons" would be late for tea! We intimated as good French as we could muster that it would be a precious cold night when such a phenomenon occurred, to all of which Moses listened with the profoundest attention. The expressions, probably, had not the same force in his miserable jargon, but I am confident he fully understood the general drift of our remarks. After tea and the banjo was produced, the quarter-deck cleared, and for a short time it presented a lively scene. Some of the men danced, others sang plaintive French songs, while the rest gathered around and kept time to the music with their big boots. It was like a German band—one fiddle and six bass drums. They are wonderfully fond of music, these fellows, and would sit listening, literally with eyes, ears and mouth, to the commonest little jig.

At the sound of the "Marseillaise," "La Claire Fontaine," or any of their well-known melodies, they would all join in with the words, and the result was, even to our unweaned ears, truly appalling.

(To be continued.)

# ROBERT ELSMERE.

WHAT do you think of Robert Elsmere, is a question asked so often that a busy man must try to give a brief answer.

It is one of the most skillfully written religious novels that I have ever read; interesting, too, as a delineation of character peculiar to the nineteenth century, and especially to Oxford of to-day. But it is absurd to call it an epoch-making book, like the forcible-feeble people who air German phrases to prove their acquaintance with modern thought. The writer is in earnest and eager to make proselytes. She believes that "the things which cannot be shaken" in Christianity are independent of miracles, and that the historic facts which Christians have always believed should not be identified with spiritual truths. That is the fundamental position of her school. It is an old position, and one for which theoretically much can be said. Historical facts, it is pointed out, may be doubted at any time. They can always be assailed by historical methods. Why, then, connect them with the deepest convictions of the soul? I can believe in God, in the moral order of the universe, and in immortality, even though I cannot believe that Jesus rose from the dead. To all which we courteously answer, you can, but the world cannot; and the question as to whether miracles did or did not happen is one of evidence. We have to act upon evidence in all important matters of life, and why not in this also? You have the right to point out that, in your opinion, there is not sufficient proof for Christianity; but in face of the fact that almost every one who has fully considered it is satisfied, you have hardly the right to assume that there is no proof, and to dismiss five hundred witnesses and more with a wave of the hand. That is what is done in Robert Elsmere. The learned and invincible squire is a creature of the imagination. "I don't believe there ain't no such a person as Mrs. Harris," said Betsey Prigg. Such unbelief "lambs could not forget, no, nor worms forgive." Equally unforgivable must be the man who doubts the existence of squire Wendover in the eyes of the lady who rejects every historical fact in the Apostles' Creed without pretence of an argument. But Mrs. Camp's wrath must be endured.

In the case of supernatural Christianity there are so many lines of evidence, all pointing in one direction and pressing home conviction to the spirit with cumulative force, that it would take a long article even to summarize them. We have documents admittedly written to the first generation of Christians, in which the main facts are stated or implied. There was thus no time for the

successive evolution of all the stages of early Christianity that any mythical theory must presuppose. This one argument is as conclusive as the "no powder, your majesty," was reason sufficient for not firing the expected salute. We have the Old Testament history requiring Christianity for its fulfilment. Christendom is co-extensive with the only civilization that has in it a hope for humanity. The world's progress for four thousand years has, it seems, been based upon fable. Truth has rested on delusion. How many will believe that?

It is no wonder that Mrs. Ward kills her hero after she has created him. No novelist could allow such a man to live. What message after all had poor Robert for his followers but that which the ordinary Unitarian minister has preached for centuries? What interest could there be in depicting his failures and ultimate heart-break? He had to die soon. So will the book.

G. M. GRANT.

### THE MEANDERINGS OF A SOPHISTICAL MATHEMATICIAN.

"THE equation to the osculating circle would then be homogeneous if"—Why, in thunder, do I want to know the professor's idea of an osculating circle? Why should it be homogeneous? and *why* should a fellow have to stick at it and study after such an evening as I have had? Man! It was grand to-night; we had what I'd call an osculating circle, but I was the only lucky dog—ha! ha!—let's see—they were all dancing and—and I was here and Sophie was there, and the mistletoe was there and—and—Hang it all! I swore I'd put my mind on my mathematics and do it I must. 'A tangent at this point would then cut the  $\times$  axis at a point whose distance from Q would—depend on'—Wonder if that coffee will ever come out, it was awful—I can't show my face to her again.  $\times-\times$ —What was it she was singing? 'I stood on the bridge by'—no, no—'I stood on'—on what?—'on'—'I stood on the moon by'—I wonder if she's there now?—I s'pose so—wonder if she's thinking of me.  $\times-O$  is—!!! Wonder—wonder if I could get there, too, won—der—won—By Thunder! I will, I know I can, the Prof. told us so," and springing from my chair I climbed over the table, up the wall, and out of the man-hole in the roof of a house I had been in two days before. In my haste I left the trap-door open, rushed along the ridge-pole, turned a double summersault into the chimney, and with a mighty spring found myself whirling through the still night at a velocity which (as I exultingly thought) the professor could not possibly have calculated in fads.

This *was* exhilarating—incomparably grand—and my spirits rose with almost as much rapidity as myself, for was I not off for the moon? and Sophie—Dear Sophie—I—but any further considerations on this point were quickly overwhelmed by a most meanly yell and then a continuous flood of execrations, which burst upon my

ears, transforming me into a "fretful porpoentine" in no time, in spite of the sleekit appearance which my rapid flight was giving me. I took time to decide that, in my position, the horrible noise ought to be unearthly, and, being somewhat nerved by this consideration, I turned and saw, between the heels of my No. 10's, and just off the long blue streak that marked my flight—the motley horde of demons whom I had been fighting all day—mounted curves of the Grand Second Order armed with axes of revolution and riding hard on the longest-logged Polygons that ever mortal saw. Sines, Cosines, Tangents were hurrying over each other in their mad chase, swearing vengeance on me; a giant Hypotenuse with powerful lungs and bad teeth led the throng, and was rapidly eating up the space that lay between him and me, and the horrible fate that threatened one or both. He was coming on at an awful swinging gait; I tried my utmost to remember whether it was the same over which I had said good night to Sophie, but could not, for a most peculiar chill was sweeping up and down my spinal column, and playing a fantastic devil's-tattoo on it and my feelings. I would have fainted had not the thought struck me that perhaps my enemies might not be describing the same curves as I was myself. Quick as a flash I pulled out my equatorial telescope and a theodolite, and after two hasty observations and turning up a few logarithms in my tables, I found to my inexpressible relief that they were describing the asymptote of the hyperbola which formed my path, and that therefore we could not meet until both reached infinity.

I laughed a hysterical laugh, and seizing one of the conjugate diameters of the moon's orbit, began to slide down earthwards. Again I tried to calculate my acceleration, but had forgotten my initial velocity, and could only imagine my speed by the ever-increasing friction on my hands and my new English tweeds. Breathless and excited, I was tingling all over at the thought of the way my foot would jam in the angle  $\Theta$  at the centre, when the current of my thoughts and almost of my descent was turned by the distant but terribly distinct vision of a break in my diameter where the Professor's finger had rubbed the chalk off the blackboard. I had barely time to call his attention to the fact and have the damage repaired before I shot over the spot, and catching my foot in the carpet fell among all the dancers, carrying Sophie with me, and a deep sense of degradation in her eyes as well as mine. The professor merely smiled, removed his spectacles, and asked me to prove that a cycloid was a curve traced by both feet in succession in the waltz as well as in the ripple. I asked for the chalk, but he said he had broken it in mending my ways on the journey from the moon; however, he would get some more, and the good fellow in spite of my protestations was, as he spoke, disappearing through the open window à la Pegasus with the aid of his gown; I tried to seize it and follow in the pursuit of learning and chalk; I succeeded, but our weight being too much for one gown, the

professor opined that it would be advisable to return; we carried the motion unanimously, but could not stop ourselves, and accordingly sailed majestically into the branches of an oak which spread itself accommodately in our way. Having mutually picked ourselves up, and just as we were about to descend, I noticed a branch of mistletoe hanging over the professor's head; this was too much for me, and seizing the opportunity and the Prof. in one embrace I bestowed on the lips of the latter a kiss of such lingering sweetness long drawn out that he, good man, was quite overcome, and forthwith blessed me with both hands and asked me what I would take. I said I was strictly temperance, as I found that total abstinence was best for a mathematical mind. He agreed with me once more, and we together repaired to his room to straighten ourselves.

While the Prof., who was somewhat of a dandy, was combing his hair with a pair of compasses and vainly endeavouring to replace his deteriorated collar by one of my exercises for next Tuesday, I followed the example of Dr. Watt's busy bee and improved each shining hour to such an extent that the professor used one of them for a looking-glass in preference to that which had just been reflecting him and my exercise. When at length he had smoothed himself down to his satisfaction and the height of perfection, he asked me to allow him to introduce me to Miss Sophie B., whom he had seen waiting outside as we came in. Needless to say I consented, with mingled feelings of self-complacency and delight following the good old soul downstairs. I had some difficulty in keeping up with him, as the force of gravity, while by no means influencing his visible faculties, was nevertheless taking him at a surprising rate down the banisters with his hands in his pockets; I wasn't going to be beaten, no, not if I knew it, so lifting up my voice in a hoarse prayer and my legs into the air, I began to descend with a peculiar gliding motion far more pleasant, as the professor said, than his rather frictional descent on the oak banisters. We bob-sleighed along in this way for several miles, and would not have stopped then but for an unforeseen occurrence which we discovered in the shape of a bend in the banisters. The Prof. looked surprised, and I noticed that he took his hands out of his pockets, and I noticed that he took his hands out of his pockets, and I noticed that he took his hands out of his pockets. I perhaps for the purpose of taking a pinch of snuff. I suggested this to him anyway, and he followed my advice. Our momentum must have been something enormous, and the bend was but a few miles further on. Something had to be done; I could hear the poor Prof. gasping out, "If it were done then when 'tis done 'twere well it were done quickly." A low murmuring followed, and then "I have it," he cried: "If you can only free me from the banisters, as we are now near the equator and the earth is going round at 25,000 miles in 24 hours, we will stay here and everything else will leave us." I had not thought of this before, but immediately saw the truth of the remark. I seized him (the Prof.) by the leg; he let me pull him off, and, as he finally let go, we

swung off westwards, leaving the fast receding stair-case on its earthward path. The professor experienced some inconvenience from his inverted position, but as I had not strength to turn him right side up, and as he said he could stand it or hang it for some time, I contented myself and him by hanging on to his leg with the pertinacity of an English bull dog.

Meanwhile, things terrestrial were whirling eastward in dangerous proximity to the Prof.'s head, and, in fact, my own coat-tails had just caught the weathercock on the church spire of a now distant village, and given it such a turn as would, no doubt, next morning increase its already well earned reputation for lying duplicity.

I might have philosophized a little but for a remark from the professor to the effect that his head felt very heavy; this interrupted my train of thought as effectually as an open switch, and I hastened to assure the deluded man that I was very much surprised, as I had always supposed that my own head was considerably more ponderable than his. My surprise was somewhat increased by the discovery that the combined weight of our two heads was too much for us to remain "in statu quo," and that we would in two or three seconds strike bottom if nothing else.

As we swiftly drew near the earth, with characteristic foresight I seized the Prof. round the waist and let him lead the way in our slanting rush; I held my breath; so did the Prof., until with a mighty jerk it was all forced out of him as he expanded laterally between me and a flying telegraph post.

We heaved two sighs of relief, one apiece, and I asked him what I could do for him.

"Bring me another cup of coffee," he replied, with astonishing coolness. I complied with his request with as much grace, ease, modesty and satisfaction as possible, but inadvertently stepped on Mr. P.'s toe and upset all the coffee on Sophie's dress, causing a great commotion in the supper room and severely less in my own mind. I began to mumble apologies and mop up the coffee with the professor's gown, which I fortunately had had presence of mind enough to bring with me from the oak tree.

"That was a good illustration of Newton's Second Law of Motion," whispered the irrepressible Prof. into my ear. "Hang mathematics," I cried in direst agony; "can't they leave me alone for once? I'll do anything, go anywhere, to plus or minus infinity if only you will let—" "Well, go to infinity!" he screamed, and seizing my neck and crop flung me through the window, glass and all, and once more I was launching forth through the circumambient fluency of the special night.

I struck infinity in about ten and a half seconds, as I noticed by the motion of the Pleiades relatively to the church spire, allowing for the aberration due to my own motion. Well I knew the place when I got there; all the lines and curves which the Prof. could not with due respect to his science keep on his blackboard had, as he said, come out and met here. I climbed several barb-

wire fences of parallel lines which met a little to my right, and was dodging the X's and Y's which were disappearing off the blackboards of the old world, when the same blood-curdling yell that had given me such a scare before, once more broke the comparative silence formed by the mere whizzing of the retiring infinites. My heart leaped into my throat and the thought into my mind that the savage crew who followed me through the man-hole of our neighbor's house were coming out on the asymptote of my unfinished hyperbola, wild and furious at not meeting it, and, although a little abashed at breaking a fundamental rule, yet still eager to differentiate me into as many increments as I ever had found in them. What was I to do? "The Lemniscate of Bernoulli is not here, as he is a closed curve," I thought. "But, thank Heaven, the witch of Agnesi meets the Y axis somewhere round—where—sure enough there she is." I ran to her for all I was worth from the now fast following herd, and falling on my knees besought her aid. She smiled, and with one wave of her wooden leg sent the mad throng of unfortunate fools back to earth, leaving me safe and satisfied, save for a fear that the Prof. would kill me for allowing an asymptote to return after it had been placed in his waste-basket—infinites. Kissing the witch, I seized her hand again and completed my thanks and apologies for spilling the coffee on her dress, begging her not to think of me as a boor, but as her own dear—darling—delightful—hubby—and "What's that!!!" Hang it all, I've upset my lamp, and I'll swear I heard—Wonder if I was dreaming?

A HYPERBOLIC FUNCTIONARY OF O.

## THE FOOTLIGHTS.

### THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

SOME thoughts are suggested by the rapidly growing respect and esteem of the world for the art and artists of the stage. Not so many years ago, social laws proscribed the followers of the theatrical calling in most offensive and contemptuous terms. In those present days there is no social eminence to which the serious and earnest artist of the stage may not mount, no circle so exclusive that its gates may not be passed by the player who shall prove personally worthy.

Described in the old English statutes as vagabonds, "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and hunt custumable taverns and ale-houses, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they came, nor whither they go," the dramatic artist of to-day finds every door open and every hand stretched out in welcome.

What are the moving causes of this lifting up of the theatre and its followers? Are they to be discovered in the devotion of players to the development and dignification of their art, or in the suppositions exaltation of the stage by society personages who have persuaded

themselves that, in becoming associated with the drama, they are assisting in its "elevation"?

I think that any serious consideration of this advancement of the profession of acting must bring the conclusion that it has been occasioned purely by the care and thought and increasing power of the actors themselves. No barrier can stand forever before the progress of honest endeavour. It is only by the constant toil which produces development that any of the arts has gone forward, and this applies with particular force to the dramatic art, which, being a combination of all the others, is the most difficult and comprehensive.

It would be a destructive blow to the existence of such a thing as dramatic art if a social leader, equipped with a pleasing personality, a degree of drawing-room grace and ten lessons in elocution, were to gain, as an actress, the approval of thoughtful observers. I do not say that a society leader may not become a dramatic artist. But her progress must be accomplished by the same methods and labors and experiences as those which mark the advancement of the humblest beginner in the ranks.

To most of those who move from the private mansion to the stage, acting seems an easy accomplishment, and theatrical triumphs appear the simple rewards of trivial labors. Thus your society amateur, with her few lessons and her parlor graces—which are by no means stage graces—starts serenely in at the top, expecting to see herself instantly recognized as a dramatic artist. Sometimes she finds in notoriety a balm for the abrasion of her expectations. But, more generally, she feels that the actors, the newspapers and the general community, have entered into a dark conspiracy to thwart her ambitions and rob the drama of one of its most shining lights. There should be no room on the stage for any man or woman who is not willing to study and work unceasingly not only for individual triumph, but also for the growth and honor of the art of acting. Such persons do not ornament the stage any more than they comprehend its mission or measure its worth. Far from elevating the dramatic art, they retard its progress and bring upon it the reproach of purposeless frivolity.

The task of the dramatic artist is not of a trifling nature. It is the purpose of the player to not merely impersonate the creations of poetic genius, but to illuminate them—to make a picture of the dramatist's fancy. Sculpture, painting, music and poetry are all requirements of the dramatic artist who has the highest aspirations. The temperament must be more or less charged with melody, and there must be not only some knowledge of the arts but a direct sympathetic feeling for all of them. The true dramatic artist must be upon a mental and sympathetic level with the maker of the character he or she is to perform, or the characterization ceases to possess importance as a contribution to the art products of the time.

A difficulty of the players' position is that when we have once made our picture it must remain as it is. We



cannot draw a pen through a phrase that proves, upon examination, to have been badly chosen, and we cannot paint out a blemish upon our canvas, retouching the spot at our leisure. When the portraiture once takes form, it is instantly judged for what it is worth, not what it may become by revision. The dramatic artist is thus placed at a disadvantage as compared with the workers in other lines of art.

It is a great part of our mission to seek out the utmost dramatic possibilities of compositions that have been framed for the stage and bring them to the light. We can hardly expect to accomplish this task with success until we have, by long study and experience, trained our natural qualities to a knowledge of what dramatic effects really are, and a power to bring them out.

Let me choose, for an example, the "Winter's Tale." When I was preparing for its presentation in London many close readers of Shakespeare were considerably more than doubtful of the result. Professor Max Müller said to me one day: "I do not see what can be made of this work. Viewed from the dramatic standpoint I regard it as not only the least valuable of Shakespeare's plays, but as being almost wholly worthless."

"You must go and see it," I replied.

"I shall do so," he continued, "and if you can convince me that the 'Winter's Tale' is worth the labor and expense you are bestowing upon it, I shall admit that I was completely in error."

He did see the production, and he very heartily admitted that he had been completely deceived as to its value for dramatic purposes. Thus, I hold, that the dramatic artist, by the sustained and tireless exercise of his or her art, may prove of great assistance to the student, who, without knowledge of the stage, must frequently lose sight of the best qualities of dramatic poetry.

The "Winter's Tale," contrary to the expectation of all readers, has proved to be, not only interesting in a literary sense, but highly dramatic in its action, and it was in this much more than usually rich in episode. It was in this last quality that the play was most generally thought to be utterly deficient, and the insight of stage experience, training and study was required to make it apparent.

The discovery of all the purely dramatic effects in any given work is not possible to the student who is not familiar with the art of acting in its best sense. Indeed, the author himself is frequently ignorant of the complete possibilities of his play. It is only the dramatic artist who can fully enlighten him, and by this enlightenment assist him to the creation of still greater effects.

An instance illustrating the power of the dramatic artist to suggest and bring out the meanings of the author where they have not been apparent to the reader or student, was made known in the Mouset-Sully production of "Hamlet" at the Theatre Française. It was the most wonderful production of Shakespeare ever known, not merely from the standpoint of splendor and

outlay, but as viewed from the point of realistic suggestiveness. All Paris went to see it, and a great many people made the journey from London for the express purpose of witnessing the revival. I confess to having followed it, with eager interest, no less than eight times.

Reference to a single event in the representation will confer an idea of the remarkable skill shown in conveying the illusion intended by the author. In the first place, the curtain went up on a scene in which there was an atmospheric effect so skillfully devised as to suggest most vividly the blue-cold of a winter night in Denmark. For some moments there was silence on the stage, which was deserted. Then there was heard in the distance the clanking sound of a man in armor. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and then a guard appeared upon the scene, beating his hands and blowing his warm breath upon his fingers, in an apparent endeavour to restore his circulation. He crossed the stage without a word and disappeared. He could be heard receding in the distance, and finally came in sight again at the back of the stage.

All this was done before a word was spoken, and it was intended to show just what kind of a night it was. In this the action was extremely successful. It brought out, pictorially, the poet's briefly-described conditions surrounding the opening of his play. There might be recalled a number of similar effects which were brought out in this same representation, but this single incident will serve to show the value of the dramatic artist's insight as a help to making clear the author's design, no matter how lightly it may have been touched by the writer.

The knowledge that makes possible this detection of meanings, sometimes written between the lines, comes through the training of the dramatic instinct that is the substructure upon which the actor builds his art. But, in the building, there is untold endeavour, and often bitter disappointment. There is nothing about the progress of a dramatic artist that is at all in the line of carelessness and ease. Every step carries one into more difficult paths, and an accidental triumph is robbed of half its pleasure.

These, at first sight trivial elaborations, to which I have alluded, go to show that the merest trifles in dramatic art are worth the labor involved in their acquirement. And it is only through long and earnest effort, careful training, lofty thought and determined purpose, that the player of to-day has been raised from the shadow of the past, and finds himself no longer a vagabond, but a recognized artist, to whom the world is open.

The possibilities of the art are boundless to those who approach it with the proper motives, spurred by a fitting instinct. Such votaries may be of high or low degree. That matters nothing. But the person who steps upon the stage, from palace or hovel, in pursuit of notoriety or unearned gain, has no right to be admitted to the dramatic profession.

MARY ANDERSON.

## \*COLLEGE NEWS.\*

## COMMUNICATION.

*To the Editor of the Queen's College Journal.*

DEAR SIR,—I have long held it an article of faith, that, when we have anything to say, it is better to say it. For though the matter be indifferent, if it be well expressed it will not all fall upon stony ground, and if "the vein be good the world will find it after many days," though the style be not neat nor the expressions by any means the most choice. It is with this conviction that I desire to communicate with you upon a subject to which I have given much of my attention, and concerning which I can keep silent no longer.

I have chosen the form of a letter because I think the "Dear Sir" at the beginning and the avowal of friendship at the close give a brotherly tone to the sentiments expressed, which, perhaps, an editorial could not so easily assume. I have, like many others, been a goodly number of years round this university, and though my course has been marked by a tinge of obscurity, yet I have been in the inner court often enough to know the "spirit which underlies all our seeming and acting. The result of these disclosures has had, I suppose, the same effect upon me as is usual with other mortals. I found so many things which were in direct opposition to all preconceived notions, and so many things which cost me as much misgiving to record them now as it did to believe them when they were first presented to me, that I can only do so now because I think the feeling which lies at the bottom of our college lives should find expression in our JOURNAL.

When I say that the facts which I observed were more directly connected with the course religious feeling is taking round our university, I cannot but anticipate the indignation roused at once by readers who may charge me with the bigotry associated with denominationalism, the indifference which belongs to the unconverted, or, perhaps, the unqualified opposition of the determined and much-abused sceptic. But I would not have you class me with any one of these. A person may very well conceive of himself as one among an innumerable host of church members, and his church as one among many others which aim at a perfect copy of the true church, without claiming any monopoly in heaven. And though my tyrannous heart has been the fountain of many "unmuzzled thoughts," yet, by those who know me best, my opinions are so far removed from what we usually call sceptical that I do not consider it necessary to re-affirm the statement here.

Understand me then, Mr. Editor, as one who, though he may have been confronted with a most glaring error, was yet grieved at its existence rather than roused against those with whom it originated. Living on in my secluded way, I have kept free from the bitterness of actions; and, like the wise fool of the old play, "I have

always been for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter." We cannot misunderstand each other now, so I may as well begin at once and give you some of the observations which I have been occupied with lately.

I have noticed that a wedge, such as political economists of the present day make much talk about, has been driven through the society of students in our university. Though I am not without my opinions, yet I maintain a studious silence here as to the force behind the wedge, and as to what class of students are forced to the top and what others are forced to the bottom. We will not discuss this here. The point I wish to make is this. The wedge makes, of course, a two-fold division, one party claiming to be the representatives of religion in the university, the other party being as loud in their protestations against any such mode of life. And I have found that the wedge has been driven with such assiduity that the faces of those who have been crowded into religious corners are so pale and wry and unnatural that those who have been jammed into contrary beliefs can scarcely refrain from swearing at them, and in some cases have actually been found to do so. Though there is an understood declaration of war between the individuals with the wry faces and those whose faces assume a more defiant expression, yet one might think that the common interest college life affords would tend to bring about a reconciliation. But this is not the case. In the intrigues of the court, in the turbulence attending A.M.S. affairs, and in society outside of the university, the unholy war now goes on, one side fortified by its sanctity, the other by an indifference which is quite as striking. And when the members of each party proceed to define each other by the epithets with which persons become fluent on such occasions, the climax is claimed to be reached when one calls the other a Y.M.C.A. young man, and the other, rolling his eyes and saying in that peculiar tone only the zealous can assume, "you're a man of sin!"

On examining a little closer I was struck with a phenomenon which had escaped my observation before, and which appeared to me to be truer every time I compared it with the facts before me. It was this. The various types of Christianity round our university I found, with a few royal exceptions, to be determined by proximity to the wedge. Those who were closest to it, and, consequently, where the most violent action was going on, were frightfully disfigured, having to obey several laws of motion at once; and though I could detect no fractures, yet there were so many wrenches made that faces which once beamed with hope and life present a terrible appearance now of emaciation and abuse. The individuals disfigured as I have represented here were characterized by the most distorted views on all subjects. The most splendid conceptions they have so perverted and misplaced that one might often wonder why their characters present so many noble traits were he not at the same time aware that no matter how much a truth

has been torn and twisted it is truth still. This is the first type which I had no great difficulty in tracing. The second, though considerably concealed, may be traced by equal facility. I observed that there were a large number of persons who, though in a less dangerous position than those with the distorted faces, were yet subjected to such a severe pressure as the wedge tightened that their faces, instead of being brained in any manner whatever, were pressed out to twice their normal length. This is, no doubt, the origin of what is usually termed "long-faced christianity." The individuals of this type, I found, take the most solemn view of life it is possible to conceive. Being very early impressed with the idea that the solution of the whole problem lies in the entire separation of the spiritual and temporal spheres, they have long ago renounced the pleasures that sometimes cheer us in this vale of tears, and with their eyes so firmly set upon the future that they are almost blinded to the present, they wander about

"Like strange souls upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage."

I observed further that this class had a baneful influence round the university, particularly on persons whose faces had not been stretched to such extraordinary length as their own, and that often when they thought they were doing the most good they were really doing a great deal of harm. Many of our freshmen who on entering college aim at identifying themselves with the highest objects and at equipping themselves for a calling they cannot afford to disgrace, are at first struck by the number of these persons with the long faces; and misled by the idea that these are the true representatives of the christian spirit, the magical effect of imitation soon begins to work, and it is not long before they have faces almost as long as their illustrious prototypes.

Through their limitation of the Christian life to the avowal of faith at a prayer meeting, to identification with some mission bawl, or to a denial of all manner of thinking which a strict interpretation of our catechism would forbid, they have, I think, lost the real essence of that spirit which flows through all our deeds and makes them pure, and have acquired a wrong conception of God who manifests himself in an infinite variety of ways.

If a wave of 19th century thought has washed up against them they have beaten it back, and in open hostility to a monster they call reason they are pursuing in their peculiar way the path of life. The suggestive and annoying questions that often arise in the soul they answer by a wave of the hand, and they treat them on all occasions as "wiles of the devil." Struggling on in a life which is only half as full as it should be, they are neither identifying themselves with the good part of this century's scepticism nor are they fortifying themselves against the evils which are connected with it.

I have dwelt rather long in delineating the second type. I will now go on to an outline of the third type, which I found comparatively difficult to decipher, as the

persons representing it were scattered here and there, and their crowning characteristic could not be distinguished by a superficial observation.

These individuals were further removed from the wedge than those in either of the other two classes, and though they were neither maimed, like those in the first class, nor squeezed, like those in the second, yet in the continual jostling that was kept up they were not free from the disabilities of either, and like men who have lost their bearings and have been surprised at uncertain times by the rude shocks chance sometimes dolos out to us, they move about with a look of abjectness on their faces, foretelling the most direful disasters and keeping up a continual process of groaning. Those who belong to this class it need not be told, though they have a splendid appreciation of the noblest truths, are yet enfeebled greatly by the pessimistic tone characterizing all their efforts, and their tendency to magnify the ordinary accidents of life.

But I have said much more than I intended, and must not spoil my chances of saying what I would like to say again. Let no one imagine, Mr. Editor, that I am at war with the persons whose mode of life I have undertaken to describe here. There is a possibility of heating a furnace which might singe myself, and besides a criticism of the processes connected with a system does not necessarily point to an annihilation of the system itself, for does not the old proverb run:

"Many can brook the weather that love not the wind."

I have chosen the *non-de-plume* of one who has long since become famous, and who, when he was a student like the rest of us, and brightened the JOURNAL of old days by his quaint humor and excellent observations, did not deem it an unworthy thing to subscribe himself

PROWLER.

## CELEBRITIES OF '89.

### No. 2.

IT is generally conceded that there is no more powerful descriptive agent than contrast. If we wish to convey to others an adequate idea of an object which, by reason of its appearance or magnitude, baffles the ordinary methods of description, we appeal, as the last and infallible resource, to a comparison of the object in question with other objects with which we are more or less familiar and thus arrive at some definite idea. With this principle we heartily agree, and, in pursuance thereof, present to our readers in this issue a youth between whom and the subject of our previous sketch there exists a contrast no less distinctly marked than that of light and darkness. No. 2, instead of soaring into the atmosphere, a trackless wilderness of legs, arms and shoulder-blades, is comparatively short. He is short and yet not, as we would naturally expect, fat. A luxuriant moustache, however, amply compensates for his lack of inches. No. 2 is essentially one of the "boys." He scorns the

Y. M. C. A. (save when a supply of cake at the Freshmen reception is forthcoming), and considers that the man who would sooner hold a hymn book than four aces is past human aid. He boards at a fashionable downtown resort, and with a few congenial spirits manages to put away the time that to some vanishes so quickly. Like No. 1 he is not an athlete, and we do not remember ever having seen him even essaying the drop-kick or Indian clubs. But let no hilarious Freshman presume to taunt him with his want of prowess; vengeance swift and terrible will be straightway meted out to the ill-starred novice, and 'twere better that a mill stone had been hung around his neck and he were cast into the sea. For is not our hero a high official of the mighty Concursus, whose thundering mandates bring out cold perspiration on the foreheads of guilty students and cause even the haughty celluloid collar to wilt and wither away? Yet behind a stern and aristocratic demeanour No. 2 hides a joyous heart. He loves the merry rattle of the chips (this is not meant to infer that he brings in the kindling), and next to writing up Grote and the Sophists would of all things prefer to have his ace trumped second round. Unlike his predecessor in these columns, he has a large, well-ventilated corner of his heart reserved for the ladies. He delights in their society, and never wearies of recounting his various "*feats of arms*," or, to spare his blushes, shall we alter that ambiguous expression and say "*conquests*," in that direction? While not exceptionally brilliant, he has abilities of no mean order; and when, by some oversight, his name does not appear in the list of successful ones at the exams, he uses these abilities in a masterly manner—to furnish an excuse for his unaccountable failure. Tho' not disposed to public speaking, the bent of his genius would appear to tend in that direction, for in private conversation he attacks existing institutions with a venom and volubility that, to our weak intellect, seem quite irresistible. A natural bashfulness, however, which exists in microscopic form in the character of our young friend, might prevent his expounding his views in such a convincing manner to an assembly of strangers. Then, too, someone else might say something, as very often happens, and then our orator would be totally nonplussed, for from personal experience we know that he is very much annoyed and put out if a companion ventures to doubt the validity of his remarks. We cannot help stating, however, that after No. 2 has interviewed a man who really knows something about a certain subject, he will invariably be found with one or two arguments of considerable weight. Finally, like No. 1, he is not a bad sort of fellow. For there must be something attractive about him or he would not find a place here. He is nothing if not good-natured, and, to his equals, he is blithe and entertaining. They say he plays a good game of billiards, but we can contradict this flatly on the authority of a member of the Y. M. C. A., who says he cannot play a little bit, and was stuck for the drinks every time. This is prob-

bably the truth, for although we shall not squeal on the Y. M. C. A. gentleman who supplied the information, we might say that he is high up in his faculty and voted for Ryan at the last election. We will now bid No. 2 farewell with many good wishes for his future prosperity, and sing of him with Mickey Free:—

"He ne'er had a janina for work,  
It was niver the gift of the Bradios,  
But he'd make a most illigant Turk,  
For he's fond of tobacco and ladies."

### COLLEGE NOTES.

ONE of the students has a little tin horn for sale.

On the same premises, and on the same day, will be offered for sale a "neck and crop." Sale to commence at one sharp.

The personal column has been unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

Now that we have the torches, why not have a procession, say once a fortnight, with regularly appointed marshals who would be able to instruct the students in marching? The procession last Friday night was a success partly from the fact that the torches were a novelty, but there is great room for improvement.

We peeped into the Ladies' Sanctum last Friday afternoon, and made a most wonderful discovery. A meeting was in progress, and one of their number, the president no doubt, seemed to be in the act of administering an oath of secrecy. With hands clasped and on bended knee, the fair ones promised most faithfully not to divulge the name of their society, especially to any of those fellows on the Journal staff. We hear the name is a lovely one.

### EXCHANGES.

THE *Columbia Spectator* is, by long odds, the brightest and spiciest journal that comes to our sanctum. Both externally and internally it is a model of artistic taste; and the literary matter, also, is of the first order. Its college news is interesting, and its illustrations are racy and generally reflect great credit on its staff of student artists. The Christmas number of the *Spec.* was the best thing of the kind that we have seen.

The *Varsity* is well edited and always interesting. Like the *Trinity Review*, it subordinates college news to purely literary matter, though not quite to such an extent. The *Varsity* comes in sober, business-like garb, without the elaborately decorated cover that so many college papers affect, but the high character of the articles it contains makes it one of our most welcome exchanges, and together with its neatness and the regularity with which it appears, speaks volumes for its management.

The contents of the *Trinity University Review* possess considerable literary merit, but all college news seems to be carefully excluded from its columns.

We notice with pleasure the *Censor*, published by the students of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. We think many of our High Schools might "do likewise." Helping to carry on such a paper would certainly be a valuable part of any student's education. The press is continually becoming more and more powerful as an agent for influencing public sentiment and public opinion, and the man who would move men should neglect no opportunity of learning to put his thoughts on paper in an attractive and forcible way. For literary ability the *Censor* will compare favorably with many College papers. We quote one sentence which is worth pondering by all connected with our educational system: "Artificial arrangements may be described as the scaffolding of an educational system. He would be a poor bricklayer who adjusted his building to suit the scaffold, rather than the scaffold to suit the building."

# DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

"ENGLISH as she is spoke," is beautifully and strikingly illustrated in the words' concursus. Quoth the judge: "If yous fellers in the back end of the room there don't shut up ye'll hev to evacuate yourselves out of the room." They shut up.

There are a few fellows at Queen's who seem to object to *hagging*. They say: "The seniors concursus, but they can't count us."

"No, I don't skate," said a divinity hall man the other day. "The first time I tried it the ice and I had an unfortunate difference as to who was to be on top, and as we came to blows over it I gave it the cold shoulder, so that now when I feel like skating I get my room mate to take me out in the yard, lay me in a snow drift and stamp on me. It doesn't cost so much and answers every purpose."

We would like to ask the modern language classes if during this cold weather they do not feel room-attic.

"Chawley," said a '90 man the other day to his chum, "did you know I was called the augur of my class?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "but I am not surprised."

"Why?"

"Because, my dear boy, you are such a successful bore, don't you know."

Our dyspeptic editor attended the principal's reception, and has been sick in bed ever since. He wishes to warn those students who monopolized the best seats to look out for squalls. He expects to be on hand for No. 6, and is more cranky than ever.

To tell the honest truth we were considerably startled, not to say alarmed, a few evenings ago, when we read a notice in the paper that one of our bachelor professors was to give a lecture, entitled "Life in Pairs," to the Y.M.C.A. Great was our relief when we found out that a typographical error had been made, and that *Pairs* should have read *Paris*.

Tennyson says: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do anything of the kind. It turns to sines and co-sines, to ethnes and political science, to *at* with the subjunctive and *oratio obliqua*, and to "How the mischief can I slide through that exam?" Lightly turns to thoughts of love!! Please pass me a fan.

A female disciple of Worcester  
Wished to find out the meaning of Worcester,  
So she looked up the word,  
Which she found meant a "bird,"  
And somehow it really amoresced.

It makes a man just a little bit mad to ask him "Why is a magpie like a writing desk?"—and then after letting him slave over it for five minutes, get to a safe distance and tell him "It isn't." It's like rubbing a cat the wrong way, or like telling a freshman he is not essential to the welfare of the universe. Try it.

LOST, on or about the evening of January the eleventh, somewhere near the north end of Convocation Hall, a temper, over a little tin horn. Finder will be suitably rewarded by applying at the sanctum.

Mr. R—d—n wishes us to state emphatically that he did not make the resolution attributed to him in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. He asserts that his affection for the twins is unbounded, and that even if he did purchase the said bowie knife he would not know the difference between its muzzle and its butt end.

## WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Can I sell you anything in the way of a doll, baby carriage or a jumping-jack?

J. W. M—RH—D.

There are only three good men in our class—myself and two others.

W. C. RH—TT.

Say, I wonder who celebrity No. 1 is.

GEORGE D—DE.

It's all right for Alf. to go Saturday night, but my night's Friday.

H. A. L—V—LL.

We wonder which of us inspired the sonneteer of JOURNAL No. 4 with "ennobling thoughts."

THE LADIES.

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